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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## CONTENTMENT.

BY M. C. L.

Didst say that I am deaf, I cannot hear,  
No lover shall whisper sweet nothings in  
my ear!  
Ye feel that it is so, and pity me,  
But Oh!

I do not mind, for when my love is near,  
My heart beats high with happiness, I do  
not fear  
That silence that ye dread, so profound,  
I love him so!

Claaped to his heart in passionate embrace,  
His warm lips seeking ever brow and face,  
I do not fear that he will love me less—  
Oh! Faith sublime.

'Tis true I cannot hear, but I have sight,  
I see in his dear eyes the soft love-light,  
And feel the quick warm beating of his  
heart.  
Dear heart of mine.

I know that I am deaf, I cannot hear—  
No child of mine shall prattle in mine ear.  
'Tis hard to know that it is so, but then  
My God and thine—

Knows best, I feel that it is so, and yet  
Such a short time ago, when first I met  
This lover of mine and loved him from my  
soul,  
I longed 'twere otherwise—

For this dear sake, not mine, I am content  
To live in silence till my life is spent  
And I shall love in other lands, but this—  
Beyond the skies.

I know that I am deaf, but I can hear,  
In fancy, God's voice piercing my dull ear,  
So soft and low: "Fear not, for I am near,"  
And am content.  
—Canadian Mute.

## A PAIR OF EARDROPS.

The queerest things that happen  
never find their way into the news-  
papers. It is difficult to say why;  
perhaps it is because they are too  
queer. For instance, I doubt if you  
have ever heard of a certain strange  
incident that happened only a season  
or two ago in that select section  
of the fashionable world known as  
"society."

A lady of title, Lady Barmouth,  
requested me to call on her one  
morning about the beginning of  
June, the London season being then  
at its height.

"I want your help, Mr. Lowe,"  
she began, and then stopped awk-  
wardly. "Perhaps you are not  
aware that at several balls and  
dinner parties this season there  
have been jewels and ornaments  
stolen. It has, of course, caused a  
great deal of unpleasantness. In  
several cases, trinkets have even  
been actually taken from the  
wearers, without their knowing how  
it was done, or who did it."

I had heard several wild tales of  
articles having been missed at fash-  
ionable gatherings, and there was  
much speculation as to who was  
the culprit. The articles were not  
as a rule, of immense value, and  
they always disappeared singly,  
consequently no public notice had  
been directed to the matter. In  
one or two cases the police had  
been consulted, but it was im-  
possible for them to help. There  
could be no doubt that the thief  
was a person who mixed in society  
as an equal, probably a woman,  
who had allowed her love of jewelry  
to tempt her to dishonesty.

"I presume, then, that the—er—  
—thief is a guest—a person in so-  
ciety?" I said, inquiringly.

"I am afraid so. Two or three  
things were missed at a dance  
which I gave last week. Now, I  
am giving another dance next  
Thursday, and I am, of course,  
most anxious it should not occur  
again, at any rate in my house. I  
thought I would engage your  
services for the evening to see if  
you detect anything suspicious.  
Of course, you would be treated as  
a guest."

We made arrangements about  
terms, and it was agreed that I  
should be introduced as an Ameri-  
can, by name, Captain Burke.

"I suppose, Lady Barmouth," I  
said, carelessly, "you don't suspect  
any one in particular?"

"Oh, no," she said, but I noticed  
that I thought was a look of anxiety  
on her face, and made a mental note  
of it.

As I was leaving, Lady Barmouth  
said: "Of course, Mr. Lowe, you  
quite understand, there must be no  
expose. If you make any discover-  
ies, they must be treated as secrets.  
I can't have a scene of any kind. It  
must be hushed up."

I returned to the office impressed  
with two ideas. First, that my  
task was one of those delicate cases  
that require all your tact and yield  
very little credit; second, that Lady  
Barmouth knew more, at any rate,

she guessed more, than she cared to  
tell.

Thursday evening arrived, and I  
went to Merion house. Practically,  
my duty was to mingle with the  
guests, enjoy myself, and keep my  
eyes wide open. Nothing seemed  
to be more improbable than that  
there should be a thief among the  
brilliant throng that crowded the  
rooms. Everything was conducted  
in the most sumptuous and luxu-  
rious style, a Hungarian band dis-  
coursing the sweetest of dance  
music, and the guests were among  
the highest in the land.

For a long while nothing occur-  
red of the smallest significance.  
But at about two o'clock in the  
morning, while I was sitting in a  
snug corner of the conservatory,  
where cigarette smoking was  
permitted, I noticed a couple take  
up a position in the opposite  
corner. They were both young,  
and evidently very much in love  
with one another. The girl was  
handsomely dressed, and wore  
some valuable jewels. In particular  
I noticed a pair of diamond ear-  
drops which had just come into  
fashion again. Without being con-  
noisseur of precious stones, I  
understand them well enough to  
know that these were very valuable  
indeed and likely to be worth  
several hundred pounds.

These two young people were sit-  
ting out during a dance, and they  
flirted all through a set of lancers,  
without any impatience at their  
length.

At last they got up and went into  
the ballroom again. On the chair  
where the girl had been sitting, lay  
something shining. I strolled across  
and examined it. It was her vinci-  
grette, which she had probably left  
there by accident. I replaced it,  
thinking it might serve as a trap  
for our fashionable thief, if he were  
in the neighborhood, and withdrew  
in my corner, where I was almost  
invisible.

Presently an old gentleman strol-  
led out to smoke a cigarette. He was  
a tall, handsome, intellectual look-  
ing man, with the air of a true  
aristocrat. His name I didn't  
know, but I had noticed him chat-  
ing with the guests. He was  
evidently known to every one, and  
was a man of social importance.

Presently his eye caught the  
little jeweled vinaigrette. He  
looked carefully round the con-  
servatory, to see if he were observed  
and picked it up. He now had his  
back to me. I was on the point of  
stepping up to him, when he turned  
round, and replaced the vinaigrette  
and walked quietly away.

It was lucky I had not moved. I  
should have looked rather foolish.  
Some curious instinct bade me cross  
the conservatory, and look at the  
vinaigrette again. Without think-  
ing about it, I put it to my nose.

The next thing I remember is  
that I found myself sitting in a  
chair. Gradually things became  
clearer. The vinaigrette lay by my  
side. It was drugged. For a few  
minutes I had lost consciousness.  
I felt dizzy and sick, but know-  
ing that everything depended on my  
being prompt and acute, I managed  
with an effort to pull myself to-  
gether.

Then arose the question: What  
should I do next? Should I go  
straight to the man who had tamper-  
ed with the vinaigrette? A moment's  
thought showed me that that  
would be worse than useless. I  
had no proof of anything. The  
situation must be allowed to develop  
itself before I interfere.

After some little reflection I de-  
cided to go back to the drawing-  
room, where I could see what was  
going on. Under any circum-  
stances I must not lose sight of the  
girl to whom the vinaigrette be-  
longed.

For nearly half an hour I waited  
in vain. She danced with two or  
three different men, but did not  
seem to have missed it.

At last, after one of the dances,  
she appeared to be looking for  
something. With what was, I  
presume, an apology to her partner,  
skipped across the room to a group  
of girls. Evidently she was asking  
if any of them had seen her vinci-  
grette. For some time she got no  
information, but presently a girl  
who was passing, leaning on a  
man's arm, turned round and made  
some remark, pointing with her fan

to the conservatory door. The  
owner of the vinaigrette gave a  
little nod of thanks, and hurried  
across the room.

All this time I observed that the  
man who had drugged the scent  
bottle, and who was chatting with  
some of the people standing about,  
watched the girl closely.

As soon as she had left the draw-  
ing-room he broke off his conversa-  
tion and strolled quietly toward the  
conservatory. As he passed  
through the curtains I noticed that he  
glanced round to see if he were be-  
ing followed.

That settled it; I had found my  
man, and must act promptly.  
Lady Barmouth was standing near  
the piano. Remembering her in-  
junction that there was not, under  
any circumstances, to be expose or  
a scene, it was necessary to proceed  
with caution. I caught her eye  
without much difficulty. She  
understand at once that I had  
something to say, and disengaged  
herself from her friends.

"Will you come with me to the  
conservatory?" I said, quietly.  
"I believe I have solved the mys-  
tery."

She turned pale. "Very well," she  
said. "Give me your arm. Be  
careful what you do, Mr. Lowe,"  
she added, in a troubled voice; "it  
must be hushed up."

When we reached the conserva-  
tory we found, just as I expected,  
the young lady lying back in a  
chair unconscious. Her earrings  
were missing.

"Miss Dainton has fainted," said  
Lady Barmouth.

"Do you see what has happened?  
Her diamond ear drops have disap-  
peared."

"Do you know who it is?" she  
whispered.

"Yes. Her vinaigrette has been  
drugged—not sufficiently to do her  
any harm. I saw it done."

"What shall I do? Fetch Lord  
Barmouth, will you? He must ad-  
vise me."

"Which is Lord Barmouth?"

She came to the curtains and  
pointed him out to me.

"Very well," said I. "Chafe  
Miss Dainton's hands and try and  
bring her round, but don't send for  
any help at present."

I don't think I ever felt so reluct-  
ant to proceed with a case as I did  
at that minute. The man whom  
Lady Barmouth had pointed out to  
me as her husband was the man  
who had drugged the vinaigrette—  
who had followed Miss Dainton into  
the conservatory. In a word, Lord  
Barmouth was a kleptomaniac.

"Will you come with me into  
the conservatory, Lord Barmouth?"  
I said. As I spoke I looked him  
sternly in the face. He turned  
deadly white, and his eyes shifted  
nervously about the room.

"What's the matter?" he asked  
hushily. "Is anything wrong?"

"Miss Dainton has fainted."

"Oh," he murmured, with relief.  
"And her earrings have disap-  
peared," I added. For moment I  
thought he was going to drop down.  
I put my arm through his, and led  
him towards the conservatory. He  
as trembling like a leaf.

When we got well into the  
shadow of the curtains I stopped.  
"Lord Barmouth," I said quietly,  
"take my advice and give them up  
to me at once."

"What do you mean?" he said,  
hoarsely.

"The earrings. It will prevent  
a scene."

He put a trembling hand into the  
breast pocket of his dress coat and  
cave me the earrings. He did it  
like a man in a dream, and I really  
believe that for the time being he  
was unconscious. Then he turned  
way and left the drawing room  
hurriedly.

"Will he not come?" said Lady  
Barmouth, with an awful look of  
terror in her eyes.

"Lord Barmouth is not well," I  
replied. "Here are the earrings."

The poor woman went scarlet.  
She knew what I meant, and I was  
deeply grieved for her. From the  
first she must have had a faint sus-  
picion of the truth, and was anxious  
to save him from public disgrace  
and scandal.

She was thoroughly unnerved.  
Miss Dainton showed signs of re-  
turning consciousness.

"Now," I said, "put the earrings  
back into her ears. She won't know  
what has happened."

Lady Barmouth replaced them  
with trembling fingers.

"Send some one to look after  
this girl; I'll stop with her till help  
comes. But you must go and find  
your husband. Make haste," I  
added, significantly, "or you will be  
too late."

My work was not quite over.  
When lady Barmouth found her  
husband in his dressing-room he  
was, as I feared on the point of  
committing suicide. She saved him.  
A number of trinkets, some of great  
value, were found in his safe. There  
is, of course, only one explanation.  
One that one point, Lord Barmouth  
was mad. Ladies' ornaments, as he  
is a very wealthy man, and had not  
put them to any use.

There was not much difficulty in  
finding their respective owners. I  
returned them myself, asking each  
one as a matter of courtesy to make  
no inquiries as to how they fell into  
my possession.—*Til-Bds.*

## How Mike Saved the Limited Express.

Mike had been sitting on the pile  
of ties near the water tank ever  
since the fast mail shot by in the  
early morning. Twice he had tried  
to slip under a car of one of the  
many passenger trains which pulled  
up at the tank. He was an adept  
at riding on the trucks, and in his  
two years as a tramp had traveled  
thousands of miles, curled up over  
the spinning wheels or stretched  
out on the platform between the  
engine tender and the mail car.  
Mike was only 15 years old, but he  
had seen nearly every State in the  
country, and knew all of the large  
cities intimately.

This morning Mike felt that he  
had encountered a streak of bad  
luck. Every time he slipped under  
a car the brakeman or conductor  
caught him and hauled him out  
with rough hands and rougher lan-  
guage. But Mike was used to that  
sort of treatment, and took it as a  
matter of course.

The afternoon was well along  
toward evening when the west-  
bound limited express came around  
the curve, and the engine stopped  
under the huge goose-neck pipe  
which served to pass the water  
from the reservoir to the tank of  
the tender. Mike's keen, bright  
eyes watched every movement of  
the train crew, although he ap-  
peared to have no interest in the  
train, its crew or passengers.  
Luck was with him this time. As  
soon as the hissing cylinders sent  
the first jets of white steam over  
the ditches Mike sprang from the  
ties, and in a second was flattened  
out on the platform between the  
mail car and the engine.

There he was safe until the next  
stop, unless the fireman saw him,  
for there was no door to the plat-  
form from the car.

For an hour the train sped over  
the smooth rails, through farm lands  
and past towns and village, round-  
ing curves and coasting down  
grades. Mike sat at ease on the  
steps, caring nothing for the hot  
cinders which rained down when  
the fireman fed his hungry charge  
with coal. Just as the train passed  
through a deep cut the engine  
whistle gave two sharp blasts, and  
the grinding of the brake shoes on  
the wheels told Mike that the  
engine had applied the air-brakes.

"Something's wrong," said Mike  
to himself, when he felt the car  
shiver and jump under the pressure  
of the powerful brakes. "He's  
giving her all the air she'll stand."

He did not dare to swing out and  
look ahead, for he knew that the  
conductor and every brakeman on  
the train were doing that, and he  
would be seen. He was well ac-  
quainted with the country, and  
knew that there was no town, side-  
track, water tank or stopping place  
within ten miles of the cut. The  
train slowed up with jerks, and  
just as it came to a standstill, Mike  
jumped from the steps and dove in-  
to a thick clump of bushes.

He glanced toward the engine  
and saw on the track, not fifty feet  
from the pilot, a pile of ties on the  
rails. At the same instant he heard  
a pistol shot, and then from the  
bushes on both sides of the track a  
score of men rushed toward the  
train. Two of them, with revolvers

in their hands, sprang into the  
engine cab.

The engineer seized a long-hand-  
led monkey-wrench and the fire-  
man grasped an iron bar, but before  
they could use them they were shot  
down and thrown from the cab.  
Hoarse shouts and pistol shots  
mingled with the screams of women  
and the yells of men. Half a dozen  
of the train robbers attacked the  
heavy side doors of the express car  
and others entered the passenger  
cars and sleepers with revolvers in  
their hands.

The men who were trying to  
break down the door of the express  
car with a sledge hammer called to  
the messenger inside to open the  
door, but they received a shot from  
a rifle which sent a bullet through  
the heavy oak. It struck one of  
the robbers, and he fell to the  
ground.

"Bring that dynamite," shouted  
one of the men.

Mike's heart seemed to rise in his  
throat, but he did not dare leave  
the bushes. In a few minutes there  
was a loud report, and Mike saw  
that the door was shattered. The  
messenger was struck down, and in  
a short time the train robbers had  
rolled the express safe out of the  
car and carried it into the woods.

All of this time the two men who  
shot the engineer and fireman re-  
mained in the engine cab. The  
engineer had fallen near Mike's  
hiding-place. He was groaning  
with pain, and Mike crept to him.  
"Are you killed?" asked Mike.  
"I ain't no robber. I am a tramp  
and was riding on the platform."

"No," said the engineer. "I  
am not killed. I am shot through  
the arm, and I guess my leg is  
broken."

Just then one of the robbers, who  
seemed to be the leader, cried out:  
"Here, some of you fellows.  
Throw those ties off the track."  
"Get a good look at that fellow,"  
whispered the engineer to Mike.  
"Look at him good and hard, so  
you will know him again. Look at  
all of them. They lagged me in  
the cut, and I had to stop."

Mike singled out the leader  
and mentally photographed every  
feature of his face, his clothing and  
hair.

"I'll know him again," he said.  
By this time the ties were thrown  
into the ditch, and the leader, giv-  
ing a shrill whistle, yelled to the  
two men in the cab:

"Give her steam and jump."

The engineer's pale face grew  
chalky white. He struggled to rise  
to his feet, but his leg bent under  
him. Falling with a groan, he  
whispered to Mike:

"Do you know anything about  
an engine?"

Mike nodded. "I know how to  
fire and I know how to use the air,"  
said he. "Get on that train. Get  
on the front platform. Hurry, the  
train is moving. Climb aboard and  
over the tender. Shut off steam,  
and give her every bit of air."

Mike darted from the bushes, and  
catching hold of the railing, swung  
himself to the lower step of the  
platform. As he did this the two  
men in the engine sprang to the  
ground. One of them saw Mike.

"Come out of that," he cried  
and with a quick motion he leveled  
his revolver and fired. Mike felt  
something hot across his cheek,  
and then his face felt as though  
some one had drawn a red-hot iron  
across his skin. He put his hand  
to the place, and when he drew it  
away it was covered with blood.  
The engine puffs were coming fast-  
er, and the train was gathering  
speed rapidly. Mike swung him-  
self out from the steps and looked  
back, and saw the two men dis-  
appearing in the woods. Then he  
clambered over the tender, in a  
few minutes was in the cab.

The train was rushing at full  
speed, and the locomotive rocked  
and swayed like a boat in a storm.  
Mike had spent the fifteen years of  
his life around railroad yards. All  
of the railroad men at the junction  
had come to his father's funeral,  
for Mike's father had been one of  
his best-known section bosses on  
the line. That was two years back,  
and Mike had been gathering rail-  
road knowledge ever since. So he  
looked at the steam gauge as soon  
as he reached the cab. It showed  
125 pounds of steam. Next he  
looked at the water glass and saw

that there was plenty of water in  
the boiler.

He seated himself on the green  
cushion which spread over the en-  
gineer's bench.

The throttle valve was wide open,  
and he pushed in the lever until  
the locomotive sensibly lost speed.  
Then he pulled the reversing lever  
back a few notches and the huge  
machine was under control.

He made up his mind to run to  
the next town, and after a twenty-  
minute ride he could just see the  
smoke of a factory in the place. A  
shout behind him caused him to  
look back. He involuntarily low-  
ered his head, for on the roof of  
the mail car were two mail clerks,  
a brakeman and the conductor of  
the train, each pointing a revolver  
toward his head.

"Don't shoot," he cried. "I am  
no train robber. I am only doing  
what the engineer told me to do,"  
and he reached for the whistle cord  
and sounded the station whistle.

In a few minutes all of the men  
were in the cab, and Mike began  
setting the airbrakes. He did it so  
well that the long train came to a  
full stop at the platform, and the  
passengers flocked out of the cars  
and surrounded the engine. The  
mail clerks told them about Mike,  
and a passenger took up a contri-  
bution for him.

In the meantime the conductor  
had telegraphed the story of the  
hold-up to the train dispatcher, and  
ten minutes after a freight locomotive,  
which stood on the siding,  
steamed toward the place where the  
robbers had stopped the train.

The engineer and fireman were  
brought back to the town, where  
the doctor said neither was badly  
injured, and the next day Mike  
was taken to the office of the gen-  
eral manager of the road by the con-  
ductor of the train.

Most of the train robbers were  
arrested, and when they were  
brought into court Mike was able  
to identify the leader and the two  
men who had captured the engine.

Soon after he was sent to school,  
and the railroad company paid all  
the bills.—*Chicago Record.*

## Colton's Advice.

The other day, as I was clinging  
to the strap of a Lexington Avenue  
car, says a writer in the *Christian  
Advocate*, two ladies sat near me,  
and as one opened her portmanteau  
to pay her fare a scrap of paper  
pasted to the leather was disclosed.  
"Is that your shopping list?"  
asked the other. "It doesn't look  
like a long one."

"No," was the reply, "it is not  
the list, but it is what keeps the list  
from being a long one," and she  
read:

"He who buys what he does not  
need, will soon need what he cannot  
buy."

"What a capital guardian of  
your capital! You must let me  
copy that for my leaky purse. Who  
wrote it?"

"I don't know, but I wish I did,  
for he has saved many a dollar from  
lightly rolling from my hands since  
I put it here."

I was intensely interested in the  
conversation, for at that very  
moment there lay in my notebook a  
scrap which I would have brought  
forth but for the fact that my own  
corner was reached.

I publish it, for if the truth which  
it contains were assimilated many a  
pocket-book would remain a pocket-  
book:

"We are ruined, not by what we  
really want, but by what we think  
we do; therefore, never go abroad  
in search of your wants. If they  
be real wants they will come home  
in search of you; for he that buys  
what he does not want will soon  
want what he cannot buy."—*Colton.*

Some of the peasant women in  
France are often induced to part  
with their long hair for a few shil-  
lings, which, when sold in Paris will  
sometimes realize as much as \$15.  
In convents, where the hair is al-  
ways shorn, a good trade is done,  
and it is said that not long ago one  
of these large establishments sold  
about a ton of hair for \$20,000.

The smallest mouse will cause  
the biggest elephant to quake with  
fear.

## The Good Ship Birkenhead.

Forty-five years ago the troop-  
ship Birkenhead, rendered famous  
in song and story, went down with  
four hundred and thirty-seven souls  
on board. Nowadays most of us  
have learned to look upon Prussia as  
the nucleus of the proudest  
military monarchy in Europe, and  
on the discipline of Prussian soldiers  
as the rock on which the grandeur  
and unity of Germany have been  
built. Yet, in 1852, the lesson in  
discipline which had been taught the  
world by Britons on February 26th  
seemed to the king of Prussia so  
precious that he ordered the record  
of it to be read out at the head  
of every regiment of his service, and  
it is doubtful, says the *London  
Mail*, whether in the history of the  
world the like compliment has been  
ever paid by the monarch of one  
proud race to the martial qualities  
and training of another.

Everybody has, of course, heard,  
of the Birkenhead, but most people,  
if pressed, would tell you that they  
believed the men went down stand-  
ing in their ranks singing Rule  
Britannia, or God Save the Queen.

In straight truth, the sons of  
Britain did nothing theatrical. The  
dignity of the whole scene lies in  
this, that it consisted in nothing  
but the calm, ordinary per-  
formance of duty, at a time when  
every man had before him the  
immediate prospect of a watery  
grave on a rock-bound coast densely  
covered with fatal seaweeds in a sea  
known to be full of sharks; and that  
while out a total number of six  
hundred and thirty, only one hun-  
dred and ninety-three men were  
saved, not one woman or child was  
drowned, because the men, after all  
further work was impossible, in  
obedience to the appeal of their  
officers, remained on the poop of  
the sinking ship rather than leap  
into the water, lest they should  
swamp by their numbers the boat  
which was carrying off the women and  
children. The following verses tell  
the story:

Right on our flank the crimson sun went  
down,  
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,  
When, like the wild shriek from some cap-  
tured town,  
A cry of women a rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and  
fast,  
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;  
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through  
them passed  
The spirit of that shock.

And ever, like base cowards who leave their  
ranks,  
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,  
Drifted away disorderly the planks  
From underneath their keel.

Confusion spread, for though the coast  
seemed near,  
Sharks hovered thick along that white  
sea-brink;  
The boats could hold—no all—and it was  
clear  
She was about to sink.

"Out with those boats, and let us haste  
away!"  
Cries out, "ere yet you see the bark de-  
vours!"  
The man thus clamoring was, I scarce need  
say,  
No officer of ours.

We knew our duty better than to care  
For such loose babblers, and made no re-  
ply,  
Till our good colonel gave the word, and  
there  
Formed us in line to die.

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no  
thought,  
By shameful strength, unhonored life to  
seek.  
Our post was quit we were 'not trained, nor  
taught  
To trample down the weak.

So we made women with their children go;  
The oars ply back again, and yet again,  
Whilst inch by inch the drowning ship sank  
To save  
Still under steadfast men.

What follows why recall? The brave who  
died  
Died without flinching in the bloody surf;  
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide  
As others under turf.

They sleep as well till roused from their  
wild grave,  
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall  
rise again,  
Joint heirs with Christ, because they died  
to save  
His loved ones, not in vain.

Something more than thirty stat-  
ues are scattered through the  
streets, squares, and parks of  
Boston, but no one of these statues  
preserves in bronze or marble the  
lineaments of an author, a musician  
or an artist. The effigies are all  
those of reformers, discoverers,  
statesmen, soldiers and patriots.



# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1897.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 164th Street and Ridge Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

## TERMS.

One copy, one year, \$1.00  
If not paid within six months, 1.50

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications.

Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the  
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,  
Station M, New York City.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

It's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

It has been often charged that the deaf are more than ordinarily sensitive and suspicious in their intercourse with the hearing, and as this charge has of late found partial confirmation in the confession in print of at least one of our class that he is so afflicted, the JOURNAL is constrained to believe that there may be some truth in the matter. It seems that one of the manifestations of a morbid sensitiveness, asserted to be a characteristic of the deaf, is that of suspecting hearing people of making sport of one's deafness or commenting on it in one's presence. If it be true that many of the deaf are afflicted in this manner, it is possible that they will find some relief by adopting the suggestion offered by Jerome K. Jerome as a cure for shyness—a trouble which we conceive to be analogous to the "complaint" in question. We find the following in that everdelightful little volume "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow":—

Conceit is the quickest cure for it. When it once begins to dawn upon you that you are a good deal cleverer than anyone else in this world, bashfulness becomes shocked, and leaves you. When you can look round a roomful of people, and think that each one is a mere child in intellect compared with yourself, you feel no more shy of them than you would of a select company of magpies or orange-outangs. Conceit is the finest armor that a man can wear. Upon its smooth, impenetrable surface the puny dagger-thrusts of spite and envy glance harmlessly aside. Without that breast-plate, the sword of talent cannot force its way through the battle of life, for blows have to be borne as well as dealt. I do not, of course, speak of the conceit that displays itself in an elevated nose and a false voice. That is not real conceit; that is only playing at being conceited. Genuine conceit does not make a man objectionable. On the contrary, it tends to make him genial, kind-hearted, and simple. He has no need of affection, he is far too well satisfied with his own character; and his pride is too deep-seated to appear at all on the outside. Valuing no one's standard but his own, he is never tempted to practice that miserable pretense that less self-reliant people offer up as an hourly sacrifice to the god of their neighbor's opinion.

Miss Grace Hubbard, of Iowa, is a civil engineer. She was given the contract by the United States Government survey for the maps of Montana.

The authorities of the Dominion of Canada have presented the Hawaiian Government with 80,000 young salmon, to be placed in the rivers of the Hawaiian Islands.

Quicksilver having advanced to \$40 a flash, there is a revival in cinnabar mining in Lake County, California. The Helen mine, that has been idle since 1874, will be reopened.

The most valuable fur is that of the sea otter. One thousand dollars has been paid for a single skin of this animal not more than two yards long by three-quarters of a yard wide.

The smallest military expedition ever sent out on a pacific errand is at present engaged in completing survey of the river Gambia. It consists of a single soldier, corporal of the Royal Engineers.

A bright little newspaper, the Indian Guide, is published at the Shoshone (Wyo.) agency, the editors, printers and devil all being full-blood redskins.

In 1895 California produced \$15,000,000 worth of gold and Colorado \$13,300,000.

# ITEMIZER.

## Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Mr. Sol. D. Well has moved to his new house, No. 107 Cleveland Avenue, where he would be pleased to see his numerous friends.

The Committee selected by the Brooklyn Guild are looking for a park for the purpose of holding a picnic during the coming summer.

In the first game played by the Cincinnati team in New Orleans this season, Willie Hoy made a tremendous drive over the right field fence.

Messrs. Frank Turner, Leo Greis and Hugh Conlin have joined the Brooklyn Guild this month. The Guild will be greatly benefited by such valuable men.

Any mutes contemplating a visit to Buffalo or Niagara Falls, accompanied by their bicycles, will have kind hospitality from Mr. Weil. He is an expert rider and is the proud owner of a very fine mount.

On account of a sprained wrist, the Rev. Mr. Mann was obliged to cancel the appointment for Chicago and rest at home Sunday March 21st, was the fifth Sunday that he has spent at home since removing to Gambier in September, 1895.

Mrs. Henry L. Juhring would be glad to receive any sum money as much as the deaf can afford for St. Marks' Church. The contributions will be put on the collection plate on Easter Sunday. The deaf of Brooklyn must appreciate the pastors' kindness in giving the free use of the church to the deaf.

## A Sermon Without Words.

BY MRS. ZELLA R. CRONIN, BERNARDSTON, MASS.

Behind the other worshippers I sat,  
A stranger to the hall,  
I marked the lovely arches at the roof,  
The carvings on the wall,  
The softened lights through many a costly pane  
Like blessings seemed to fall.

Arrayed in rich and beautiful attire,  
Came many a woman faint,  
Who sought her quiet place among the rest,  
Then bowed her head in prayer,  
The organ's tender prelude floated forth  
Upon the sacred air.

Around the chanting choir with voices sweet  
Broke forth in moving strain;  
'Twas "Blessed are the merciful" they sang  
"They mercy shall obtain."  
Then all the people, reverent and still,  
Bowed down their heads again.

But when the preacher, eloquent and wise,  
Chained every ear and eye,  
I suddenly descried dim, hovering shapes  
That fluttered up on high,  
And heard the quick, I heard, a wail  
Or echo of a cry.

Forms perched in spectral rows on polished beams,  
Or fitted to and fro;  
No joyous twitter quashing from the throats—  
Only a note of woe.  
I saw with awe the writhings of martyred birds,  
With counterparts below.

One dipping low, poised ones, and then,  
Above a fair girl's head,  
I saw among the ribbons of her hat  
A warbler, stark and dead.  
And she who sat beside her raised aloft  
A pair of swallows, outspread.

Aligrette upon aligrette from bonnets rare  
Stood up in white array—  
The stateliest heron, lovely, faintly left,  
With, oh, what price to pay—  
To leave their nestlings crying for their food,  
And dying day by day!

Full off the phantom humming-birds above  
Would fondly hover o'er  
The poor distorted remnants of themselves  
These gentle women bore,  
These women with adornments loaded down,  
Yet ever wanting more!

Oh, slaughtered innocents, I heard your cry;  
My heart with pity stirred,  
'Twas not a minister who preached that day,  
Oh, no! it was a bird.  
The sermon had no hint of earthly speech,  
And yet I plainly heard.

The tiny specters folded up their wings  
And faded through the wall,  
Just as the first soprano raised her voice  
Like some sweet angel's call—  
To sing the closing anthem, something old—  
About the sparrow's fall.

## CRUSHED.

Once a poet wrote a sonnet  
All about a pretty bouquet,  
And a critic sat upon it,  
On the sonnet.  
Not the sonnet.  
Nothing loth.

And, as if it were his treason,  
Said he: "Neither rhyme nor reason  
Has it. And it's out of season."  
Which? The sonnet  
Or the bouquet?  
Maybe both.

'Tis a feeble imitation  
Of a worthier creation,  
An æsthetic innovation  
Of a sonnet.  
Or a bouquet—  
This was hard.

Both were put together neatly,  
Harmonizing very sweetly,  
But the critic crushed completely,  
Not the sonnet,  
Or the bouquet.  
But the bard.

—Spare Moments.

New York has 65 banks.

Paris has 300 toy factories.

Artificial honey gains favor.

Pigs draw wagons in China.

England has 10,000 dentists.

Berlin has 32,865 telephones.

There's a portable asphalt plant.

Russia exports eggs to Germany.

Tokio is to have an elevated road.

Maine contains 50 sardine factories.

# COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

## The Columbia Institution for the Deaf.

## THE 40th ANNIVERSARY OF INCORPORATION.

## The Gallaudet Baseball Team --Other Notes from Kendall Green.

From our Washington Correspondent.

February 16, 1857, the Columbia Institution for the Deaf was incorporated by act of Congress. It will, therefore, be seen that it is forty years since the deaf have received instruction in Washington, from a regularly organized corps of teachers. Since then the institution has steadily increased and the subsequent establishment of a higher institution of learning—now Gallaudet College—was effected. The results of both the institution and particularly the college are very significant, and the labors of one whose name is known to the deaf from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the gulf to the Canadian shores—Dr. E. M. Gallaudet—are worthy of the highest commendation.

To commemorate the anniversary of the incorporation of our institution, a banquet was to have taken place, but the death of Hon. J. Randolph Tucker caused it to be postponed to last Tuesday night when it was given at the mansion of President Gallaudet. There was no previously arranged programme to be carried out, nor were any speeches made, being more of a social nature. Dr. Fay was present as the faculty's representative. Only two—Dr. Gallaudet and Rev. Byron Sunderland—of the original board of directors (of 1857) were present. Most, nearly all of the others having passed away. The first board, organized in 1857 was made up of the following:

Patron—President James Buchanan.  
President—Amos Kendall.  
Secretary—William Stickney.  
Treasurer—George W. Riggs.  
Directors—William H. Edes; James C. McGuire; Judson Mitchell; David A. Hall; Byron Sunderland.  
Superintendent—E. M. Gallaudet.

We see a great change in looking over the names of those on the present board, which is as follows:

Patron—President Grover Cleveland.  
President—E. M. Gallaudet, Ph.D., LL.D.  
Secretary—John B. Wight, Esq.  
Treasurer—Lewis J. Davis, Esq.  
Directors—Hon. Edward C. Walthall, Senator from Mississippi; Hon. Seneca E. Payne, from New York; Hon. Joseph D. Sayers, M.C. from Texas.  
Representing Congress: Hon. Henry L. Dawes, of Massachusetts; Hon. Joseph R. Hawley, Senator from West Virginia; Hon. William L. Wilson, of Virginia; Rev. Byron Sunderland, D.D., of Washington, D.C.; Hon. John W. Foster, Esq., of Washington, D.C.; Lewis J. Davis, Esq., of Washington, D.C.

We can not well leave out the names of some of the directors, who have served the institution in the past. Among them we find: Salmon P. Chase, Chief Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court; Henry D. Cooke, first Governor of the District of Columbia.

James W. Patterson, U. S. Senator, and a distinguished professor of Dartmouth College.

Rufus P. Spalding, M. C. from Ohio. He was the one who stood up for the Institution, and saved it from a death blow from the hands of Elihu B. Washburne.

James Brooks, of the New York Express, one of the most celebrated editors of his day.

George F. Edmunds, U. S. Senator from Vermont.

William E. Niblack, Chief Justice of the Indiana Supreme Court.  
William A. Wheeler, Vice-President of the United States under Rutherford B. Hayes.

William Claflin, Governor of Massachusetts.

Thomas F. Bayard, Ambassador to Great Britain, Secretary of State, etc.

William W. Corcoran, banker, benefactor, and founder of the Corcoran Art Gallery.

John A. Kasson, Minister to Austria.

Thomas Ryan, Minister to Mexico.

Howell E. Jackson, Associate Justice U. S. Supreme Court.

James C. Welling, President of Columbia University for forty years.

Nelson Dingley, father of the Dingley bill.

William L. Wilson, Postmaster General, and new President of Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.

The Evening Star of Saturday contained a lengthy article on the prospects of our base ball team, illustrated with cuts of the players. Lack of space prevents us from reproducing it entire in our letter, but what we give below may not be out of place.

Gallaudet's nine this year gives promise of being the best the college has had for a number of years. The team remains nearly the same as last year, but with an addition of two new men it has been materially

strengthened. The team has been hard at work for several weeks, under Capt. Erd: Manager Whitlocke has arranged the following schedule:

March 24, Columbian University, at Kendall Green; March 27, Georgetown University, at Georgetown; April 3, Maryland Agricultural College, at College Park; April 7, Columbian University, at C. U. Park; April 10, St. Mary's College, at Emmitsburg; April 21, Maryland Agricultural College, at Kendall Green; April 24, St. John's College, at Annapolis; May 1, Western Maryland College, at Westminster; May 8, Baltimore City College, at Kendall Green; May 19, Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore; May 29, Western Maryland College, at Kendall Green; June 2, St. John's College, at Kendall Green; June 5, Baltimore City College, at Kendall Green.

George B. Whitlocke, the manager, comes from Pana, Ill., and this is his last year at Gallaudet. His name is familiar to all local lovers of sport, having managed the foot ball team of Gallaudet successfully the past two years. He is a young man, twenty-two years old, and one of the most enthusiastic athletes that reside at the college. He has always taken a great interest in nearly every sport of all kinds, and has been at the head of most of athletic events at the college.

Robert L. Erd, '98, the captain, is from Illinois, school at Jacksonville. He was four years in the regular pitcher of his school team, being also captain during the last two years. He is a man of fine physique, a well-trained and graceful gymnast. Gallaudet had the benefit of a season at Chattanooga under the coaching of A. A. Stagg, now of Chicago University. During his first two years in the college he played third base, and in the third year he was captain, put him in the box. At that position he was successful, and this year he will be the mainstay in that department. He comes from Waterloo, Ill., his age is twenty-three; height, five feet eleven inches; weight, 170.

Like other college teams Gallaudet has a collection of players, the students do not make as much noise in its delivery as some of the others, but their souls are put into the games, and a more good natured or enthusiastic lot of footers it would be hard to find.

The team has played two games during the past week and on both occasions the enemy took the honors of the day. On Georgetown field they met with an ignominious defeat at the hands of the Georgetown University nine which it will not soon forget. Our boys escaped a shutout on a wild throw which gave us the only run we have made against them for two years. But experience they amount of good and we are of the opinion that the team will with more team work and conscientious practice improve immensely and make up for the crushing defeats it has suffered in the past.

Our basket-ball team from the other side also added another defeat to the events of the week. In the gymnasium they met a team they had conquered on two occasions, but this time they went down by a score of eighteen to fourteen.

The Senior and Junior classes met Tuesday and drew up resolutions of sympathy which were sent to Mrs. H. DeLong on the death of her husband. A copy was also sent to the *Bluff and Blue* for publication.

Whitlocke, '97, and Miss Marshall, '00, are the latest purchasers of wheels.

Through the kindness of Alex. L. Paeb, Esq., four of the "co-eds," Misses Kershner and Price, '97, Stemple, '98, and Rogers, '99, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Fowler, occupied a box at the Grand Friday evening. "A Man-of-War's man" was the attraction. Several took in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Saturday evening.

Misses Titus and Phelps, '00, made a visit to their friends at Forest Glen Seminary Saturday and had an enjoyable time.

President Gallaudet's class in Political Economy and International Law received the results of their work during the term just closed, Thursday morning. Under the 8.5 rule, six Seniors and six Juniors were excused from examination in political economy. In international law, four from each class were excused.

Thursday Misses Kershner, Stemple and Rogers took dinner with Mrs. Perry who has been a frequent visitor to the Green.

Edson Gallaudet, the eldest son of President Gallaudet, has been added to the Faculty of Yale University as instructor in Physics.

Professor Draper gave a good sermon this afternoon which was very forcibly impressed upon the minds of the coming graduation class. "Trouble and elements of Success" was his subject.

Examination begins Wednesday.

F. C. S.

It is hard to please people who do not know what they want.

Nothing changes a person's manner more thoroughly than to want something.

Perhaps more good might be accomplished by ringing a curfew for grown people.

They deserve to be slaves themselves who will make no effort to secure liberty for others.

You can make lots of headway sometimes by admitting you are wrong when you are not.

If some people knew that the sun had spots on it, they would almost worry themselves to death.

There are but few occasions in an average lifetime when a man is an absolutely free agent in what he does.

Germany has 1,000,000 textile works.

Slot machines "must go" from Kansas City.

Nashville Exposition will have a negro department.

It costs \$500,000,000 every week to run the world's railways.

It is said that it costs \$23.82 an acre to raise wheat in Massachusetts

# CHICAGO.

## More About the Day School Bill.

## DR. CUREALL'S CINEMA-TOGRAPH.

## Club Notes and other Items of Interest.

(From our Chicago Correspondent.)

[News items for this column may be sent to F. P. Gibson, 3716 Wabash Ave., Chicago.]

There are no new developments in regard to the day school bill before the legislature. It has not yet come up for passage, but there is no knowing when it will. Appropos of the claim of the promoters of the bill that the deaf do not understand the bill, the following letter received from a member of the legislature, in response to one written him asking his vote against the bill, will show how much "understanding" there is, of the bill and its objects, among the law-makers themselves. Instead of trying to show the public how the deaf err in opposing the bill it would be better for the promoters to first educate the legislature up to the point of knowledge of what is being asked of them. The gentleman who wrote the letter is not to be blamed for his failure to see things right and the recipient of the letter will see to it that he is corrected on the point in question.

But, here is the letter:—

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES ILLINOIS.  
SPRINGFIELD, —, 1897.

MR. DEAR SIR:—Your favor of the inst., at hand. In reply will say that you misunderstand my position entirely.

The institution at Jacksonville is overcrowded and some relief should be had. Have tried to have feeble minded children received at that institution and the answer has invariably been that some 800 applications were ahead of mine and my application would go in rotation.

Now, I am in favor of any bill that will relieve the above institution of the pressure and give the feeble-minded children of the State a chance to get a training.

Yours very truly,

"Dr. Cureall's Cinematograph" at the club hall Saturday night proved to be but the old favorite, shadow pantomime, under a new name. About 200 people were present and enjoyed the evening's entertainment immensely. The "take-offs" of several of the well-known members of the club and their hobbies and failings were quite amusing and Mr. Wayman and his assistants did very well in their endeavor to please.

At the close of the pantomime Mr. Konishi, the president of the Japanese School for the Deaf at Tokyo, Japan, of whom mention has been made in a former letter, who was present with the Rev. Mr. Hardison, gave a short address, in native costume, on the Japanese School and some of the customs of his country. This proved quite interesting, and Mr. Konishi was kept busy writing his autograph in Japanese and exchanging it for those of his auditors.

The Ladies' Aid Society will hold its regular monthly meeting on Thursday, April 8th, instead of the 7th, and between six and eight o'clock the ladies will serve supper at the church lecture room at twenty-five cents per person. Mesdames Hunter, F. Smith, Grout and Cornwall have the supper in charge and the Misses Wayman, Burdhardt, Brown, Treider and Eselsteyne will act as waitresses. All are invited to attend.

A ten-pound boy made his appearance at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Miner on Friday, the 19th.

Julius Ruben was among the business men who were at Springfield last week in the interest of the anti-department store bill before the legislature.

The club hall presents a very desolate appearance to-day. The fine stage and partitions have been torn down and the house committee of the club are busily engaged in preparing for the vacating of the present quarters by April 15th. It is a question when the club will be prepared to resume its entertainments as new quarters have not yet been secured. However, an effort will be made to secure them before the next meeting, April 3d, so some announcement as to the club's new home can be made then.

William Sullivan is again at his work after a two months stay at the county hospital. A fractured shoulder received in a fall down stairs was the cause of his enforced idleness.

Invitations are out for the first party to be given by the "Lake View Liberty Club" at 1434 Diversey Street., on April 14th. This club is a new organization composed of about fifteen deaf people of whom Arthur Mack is President and Richard Lindau, Secretary.

The Chicago friends of Miss Emma White, of Frankfort, Ind., will regret to hear of her death at Lafayette, Ind., Thursday, the 25th

inst. Miss White had been a sufferer from consumption for some time past and she was lately removed to a hospital in Lafayette, at which place her death occurred.

F. P. G.

## A DEAF BARONET.

SIR A. HENDERSON FAIRBAIRN, BART.

From Ephphtha.

The privilege of presenting a portrait and character sketch of Sir Arthur Fairbairn has, so far as we are aware, been reserved for *Ephphtha* along among all papers of its kind. Many of our readers, we know will be glad to see the features of "our only baronet" here portrayed, and to have some particulars of his career.

Sir Arthur Henderson Fairbairn was born in Lancashire on April 11th, 1852. He is the eldest son of the late Sir Thomas Fairbairn, who was Chairman of the Manchester Exhibition in 1856, and also of the London Exhibition of 1862. His grandfather was Sir William Fairbairn, the well-known scientist and engineer. Sir Arthur, who was born deaf, was educated, first at Rugby, by the late Mr. Henry Bingham, and afterwards he was placed with a private tutor, Mr. Barber. In 1882 he married the eldest daughter of the late Richard Penruddock Long, Esq., M. P., and sister of the Right Hon. Walter Long, M. P., of Ashton Road, Wiltshire. He has travelled a good deal through France, Germany, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Italy, and Russia. He was formerly a prominent figure in hunting parties on his estates in Hampshire, and is well known in London and Brighton society.

His hearty and unselfish interest in the cause of the deaf and dumb has been often manifested of late, chiefly in his own district of Hampshire. He is a member of the Committee of the Winchester Diocesan Mission to the Deaf and Dumb. Two or three years ago, seeing the deaf and dumb so much in need of a Mission Church in which their pastor, the Rev. R. A. Pearce, could minister regularly and effectively, Sir Arthur started a movement for that object with a handsome donation, and also raised a considerable portion of the building fund. The result was the opening of a beautiful little church in Oak Road, Northam, by the Bishop of Southampton on August 28th, 1895. A brass cross and vases and an oak pulpit in the church also testify to Sir Arthur's generosity, while a club-room for the church is called "The Fairbairn Club," after his name.

Sir Arthur has lately been elected a member of the committee of the Royal association in aid of the deaf and dumb. He is a vice president of the Charitable and Provident Society for granting pensions to the aged and infirm deaf and dumb. To his many benefactions must now be added the provision, at his own expense, of new electric lighting and heating apparatus for St. Saviour's Church for the Deaf in Oxford Street, London.

We trust that the church at Southampton may go on and prosper with men like Sir Arthur Fairbairn, Canon Owen, the Rev. R. A. Pearce, Mr. H. S. Heald, and others, to see to it, the Mission should be an unbounded source of blessing to the deaf and dumb of the diocese. Many of them will willingly bear testimony to the benefits they have received through the instrumentality of the Mission and the sincere kindness of their friend Sir Arthur Fairbairn.

## CIRCULAR.

TO THE DEAF OF NEW ENGLAND.

FRIENDS:—You are probably aware that the One Hundred and Tenth Birthday Anniversary of our benefactor, Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, falls due on Dec. 10, 1897 next, and judging from the tone of discussions in newspapers for the Deaf and private conversations, the general opinion seems to be that we ought to have a celebration on that occasion on as grand a scale as possible, like the Boston Jubilee of 1887 or the Hartford Convention of 1892.

Various suggestions on the observance of Gallaudet's natal day have been made, but thus far, it has resulted in nothing but words and no deeds, so, having been urged to take the lead in this matter by prominent men, I take the liberty to act, and, as a starter, I send for your consideration this circular containing four questions to which I beg to be favored with your reply as soon before the 15th of April as possible.

My object in asking you these questions is that I believe the next celebration should be made a NEW ENGLAND AFFAIR rather than a local or individual one. To do so, two representatives of good character and intelligence should be chosen from each State to form a body to be known as the NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET CELEBRATION ASSOCIATION to act and direct all arrangements until the end of the Celebration. After being thus elected, the members should proceed to the election of officers, adopt plans and appoint a Committee of Arrangements, which should consist of three or five prominent residents of the city or section where the Celebration is to be held, this Committee to act under the direction of the New England Association.

The election of Association officer, and all other business could be transacted by mail. I have plans partially drawn up and I shall submit them to the Association for consideration.

In returning your answers, please write your full name and address.

GEORGE C. SAWYER,  
49 BLOOMINGDALE ST.,  
CHELSEA, MASS.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

1. Do you favor BOSTON as the place of the Celebration on account of its greater railroad facilities and hotel accommodations?  
2. If not, please give name of any other city or town you prefer for the Celebration.  
3. Kindly give the names of two prominent and intelligent Deaf-Mutes, whom you may consider as worthy of being representatives of your State on the New England Gallaudet Celebration Association.  
4. Such a Celebration should not be held with a view to making profits by any one, but as there is no fund to guarantee the payment of all bills which may be incurred by the Association, will you pledge anything to pay your share of the debt in case of necessity?

## Notes from a Menagerie Man.

No constricting snake is poisonous.

The hog is a very sagacious beast. The wolf is more cunning than the fox.

The horse is more stubborn than the mule.

Some species of snakes are born cannibals.

The dog is the most intelligent of all animals.

One baby elephant will boss a whole herd of big ones.

No bad tempered man can break a horse to perform.

The white clover is rank poison to the hippopotamus.

The wild buffalo is often more than a match for a lion.

The elephant can push many times more than it can pull.

</



church. Address him at Bexley Semin  
Park, Gambier, Ohio.



# FANWOOD.

## A Basketball Game Hard to Lose.

## THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.

## And a Silver Cup Lost With the Game -- Notes of the Week.

From our Fanwood Correspondent.

The Basketball team went to the Knickerbocker Athletic Club house Wednesday evening last, to play a practice game with the team representing that club, owing to the part of the manager, who had mixed up the dates, the team was taken by surprise. Rather than disappoint our boys, they immediately went to work and cleared the floor and gave us a good game. The first half of the game, which lasted fifteen minutes, resulted in a score of eight to three in our favor. Mr. Cook, seeing how easy the game was going in our favor, put in the substitutes, Messrs. Moeslein and Orman in the second half of the game, which was simply devoted to practicing, and passing the ball, in preparatory for the final game Saturday night. Score was nine to five in our favor.

Despite the fact that the weather was not congenial for outdoor sports, on Saturday afternoon, this did not thwart the spirit of baseball playing amongst our older pupils, consequently a game of picked nines captained by Messrs. Prinsinzin and Iqueredo respectively was played on the ball grounds and the following score shows the results of two hours work:

PRINSINZIN TEAM.	R	IBH	PO	A	E
Bachman, 1b.,	3	4	11	0	0
Marks, rf.,	3	5	0	0	0
Prinsinzin, cf.,	2	1	0	0	1
Muench, ss.,	3	2	4	6	2
Ellis, pit.,	2	3	2	3	0
Kiernan, cat.,	4	5	5	2	0
Dyer, lf.,	1	0	0	0	1
Muller, 3b.,	1	1	1	1	0
Anderson, 2b.,	0	0	4	2	0
Totals	20	22	27	14	5

IQUERIDO TEAM.	R	IBH	PO	A	E
L. Cohen, ss.,	3	1	3	4	2
Suk, cf.,	0	2	0	0	1
Ellis, lf.,	0	5	0	0	0
Iqueredo, cat.,	3	3	6	3	1
Rappholdt, 2b.,	2	3	3	2	0
Hannon, rf.,	1	0	3	0	0
Burke, 1b.,	1	0	12	0	0
Orman, pit.,	2	2	0	3	0
Lawton, 3b.,	2	2	1	1	0
Totals	17	17	27	12	4

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
PRINSINZIN. 5 0 3 3 1 1 1 1 1  
IQUERIDO. 1 0 2 0 6 1 1 3 3

Earned base hits—Prinsinzin 14; Iqueredo 8; Two base hits—Ellis, Bachman 2, Iqueredo 2, Bapport 3, Kiernan 2, Marks 2, Burke, Ellis. Three base hits—Kiernan, and Ellis. Home Runs—Bachman and Ellis. Stolen Bases—Marks, Kiernan and Burke. Sacrifice hit—Ellis. Struck out Ellis, Orman 2. Base balls Ellis 1, Orman 0. Double play—Muench to Anderson. Umpire Mr. Cooke. Score Herd.

On Friday afternoon the second and third series of finals in the basketball contest, that is being played in the institution, was held in the gymnasium between the 9th Male and 6th Oral, and the Academic and 3d B. the score resulted as follows:

9th Male	12
6th Oral	2
Academic	12
3d B.	8

The following account of the basketball game between the Fanwoods and Eastern District Y. M. C. A. teams, at the Twenty-third Regiment Armory, last Saturday evening, is kindly furnished for this column by the Official Scorer of the Fanwood Athletic Association, Mr. Capelli:

The indoor Spring meeting of the Twenty-third Regiment Athletic Association, which was held at its armory, Bedford and Atlantic Avenues, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Saturday evening, March 27th, attracted over a dozen of the officers and teachers of this school. That was natural as one of the attraction was a game of basketball between the Fanwoods (Interscholastic Champions) and Eastern District Y. M. C. A. (Champions of America). The Fanwoods it seems from former statements have played several champions of America, therefore a brief explanation how the Eastern District Y. M. C. A. and the Fanwoods won the title of Champions will somewhat enlighten the readers, or a part thereof, who are interested in the popular indoor game of basketball.

Recently in Brooklyn, there was held a great indoor Championship meeting open to all. It was at this meeting that the Eastern District Y. M. C. A. won the title of Champions of America, as they were billed to play against all comers. It is needless for me to go in detail and explain here the record of this team, sufficient that they won the title fairly. The Fanwoods too, won the Championship of the Interscholastic in the same way. They entered the Championship contest, and the only team that appeared to defend the title against them was

the Adelphi High School of Brooklyn, who were prior to the game the Champions. The Fanwoods beat them, thereby winning the Championship and the Silver Cup, a description of which has already been given in this paper.

At the Twenty-third Regiment Armory there were over three thousand present. The attractions were worth the admission, especially the game of basketball which was exciting from beginning till the call of time.

For the benefit of the readers, who have never seen a game of basketball the following points governing the game are herewith given:

### POINTS ON BASKET BALL.

A game consists of two twenty minute halves, with an intermission of ten minutes between. If at the end of the second half the score is a tie, play is continued until there are score differences. A goal scored from the field counts two points, a goal from a free throw counts one point. The referee is judge of the ball, the umpires judges of the men. Except for the last foul mentioned below the umpires call the fouls and the referee decides when the ball is in play or not and if a goal be thrown properly.

A foul gives the other side a free throw at the goal, two fouls disqualify a player. A foul consists of using the fist against the ball, running with or kicking the ball, playing it purposely out of bounds, rough play, holding, striking, tripping, shouldering or pushing opponent, delaying the game, addressing officials by other than the captains.

Interfering with free throw entitles to another try, if the goal is missed.

The first half of the game was in doubt from the start. First one team was a head then the other. The players lined up as follows:

FANWOOD.	POSITION.	E. D. Y. M. C. A.
E. Ellis	.....	L. F. ....
R. H. McVea	.....	F. P. Wei
T. G. Cook	.....	J. Drummond
H. Muench	.....	F. W. Valentine
A. G. Hess	.....	A. Hess
E. Rappholdt	.....	R. G. ....
F. R. Coffin	.....	F. R. Coffin

The Fanwoods were the first to score, and had they been able to hear the applause that greeted them at this and similar good plays, they would have been inspired, but they heard not their friends, so played on as if their fine play had not even been commented upon. Indeed, that is where the hearing teams always have the advantage over the deaf competitors. At the end of the first half the score stood 7 to 6 in favor of the Eastern District Y. M. C. A. team.

The supporters of the Fanwoods had hope of victory, but in the second half instead of playing with the same snap that has characterized their playing during the winter they played very ragged, thus losing the game.

The Eastern District men played a fine game. They played as a team, while the Fanwood players tried sensational plays, such as trying for goals at a distance of thirty and forty feet from the basket, and other individual play. For instance H. Muench made several magnificent plays unaided as to bring down the house. Another reason for the Fanwoods' defeat must be attributed to the fact that the boys practiced at base ball in the afternoon, consequently in the second half they were somewhat winded. It was my first chance to note the good playing of the boys since last winter, and I must confess that H. Muench outplayed his opponent at every point, and I consider him the best player on the team. In some instance the other players of the Fanwoods outplayed their opponents, notably Messrs. Cook and Ellis, but as a team the Eastern District Y. M. C. A. could not be beat. As a whole, the game was very interesting, and with the improvements pointed out the Fanwoods ought to be able to beat Eastern District Y. M. C. A. team. The final score was 13 to 8.

Among those presents at the games from Fanwood were Misses Hall, Buckingham, Peck, Berry and Burchard, Messrs. W. H. Van Tassel, Romeo and C. R. Wilcox and A. Capelli. Mr. W. H. Van Tassel acted as the guide and Mr. Romeo Wilcox kept the party in good humor by his witty and wise talk, the party highly enjoyed the evening entertainment. The basketball team accompanied by Manager Fox, Mr. W. G. Jones and two substitutes Messrs. Moeslein and Orman besides the following Messrs. Reiff, Bachman, Fetscher, Prinsinzin and Litchfield. The later was there with his father, who is a member of the 23d Regiment.

With the return of warm weather the drills, which had been discontinued throughout the winter, were resumed on Tuesday last. At the battalion parade, which was held, at the conclusion of the marching, Principal Currier announced through chief Tutor Van Tassel that Mr. Russell had promised to award a gold medal to the scholar, who showed the most marked improvement in drill work.

Mr. Samuel Koffman, of Walden, Orange Co., N. Y., in company with his cousin Miss Flora Salenger, of this city, were callers on Tuesday last.

Photographer Douglas, with his paraphernalia, is here taking views of the interior and exterior of the institution.

As the warm weather increases, so does the number of visitors to the institution increase proportionally, below is a list of visitors during the past week:

Mrs. J. T. Terry, and her son, J. T. Terry, Jr., Mr. W. H. Sherman

and daughter, of Troy, Mrs. Wm. Greenough of the Cities Committee. Mr. Wm E. Bergh, of North Tarrytown, was a caller on Tutor C. W. Van Tassel Jr. Sunday.

W. G. S.

## SAVETY AND GENEROSITY.

It is the courageous man who can best afford to be generous; or rather, it is his nature to be so. When Fairfax, at the battle of Naseby, seized the colors from an ensign whom he had struck down in the fight, he handed them to a common soldier, to take care of. The soldier unable resist the temptation, boasted to his comrades that he had himself seized the colors, and the boast was repeated to Fairfax. "Let him retain the honor," said he; "I have enough beside."

When Douglas, at the battle of Bannockburn, saw Randolph, his rival outnumbered by the enemy, he prepared to hasten to his assistance, but seeing that Randolph was already driving them back, he cried out, "Hold and halt! We are too late to aid them; let us not lessen the victory they have won by trying to claim the share of it."

An incident which is related of a French artisan shows great self-sacrifice in another form. In front of a lofty house in course of erection in Paris was the usual scaffold, loaded with men and materials. The scaffold, being too weak, suddenly broke down, and the men upon it were thrown to the ground—all except two, a young man and a middle-aged one who hung on to a narrow ledge, which trembled under their weight, and was evidently on the point of giving way. "Pierre," cried the elder of the two, "let go: I am the father of a family." "True," said Pierre, and instantly letting go his hold, he fell and was killed on the spot. The father of the family was saved.

The brave man is magnanimous as well as gentle. He does not take even an enemy at a disadvantage, nor strike a man when he is down and unable to defend himself. Even in the midst of deadly strife such instances of generosity have not been uncommon. Thus, at the battle of Dettingen, during the heat of the action, a squadron of French cavalry charged an English regiment; but when the young French officer who led them observed that the English leader had only one arm, with which he held his bridle, he saluted him courteously with his sword, and passed on.

Courage is by no means incompatible with tenderness. On the contrary gentleness and tenderness have been found to mark the men, not less than the women, who have done the most courageous deeds. Sir Charles Napier gave up sporting because he could not bear to hurt dumb creatures. Of his brother, Sir William, the following incident is told:

He was one day taking a long country walk when he met a little girl, about five years old, sobbing over a broken bowl; she had dropped it in bringing it back from the field to which she had taken her father's dinner in it, and she said she would be beaten on her return home for having broken it. With a sudden gleam of hope, she innocently looked up into his face, and said, "But you can mend it, can't you?"

Sir William explained he could not mend the bowl, but he could mend the trouble by the gift of a shilling to buy a new bowl.

However on opening his purses it was empty of silver, and he had to make amends by promising to meet his little friend in the same spot at the same hour next day, and to bring the shilling with him bidding her tell her mother. The child, trusting him, went on her way comforted.

On his return home he found an invitation awaiting him to dine in Bath the following evening, to meet some one whom he specially wished to see. He hesitated for some little time, trying to arrange to meet his friend and still be in time for the dinner party at Bath; but finding this could not be, he wrote to decline accepting the invitation, on the plea of a preengagement, saying to his family, "I cannot disappoint her, she trusted me so fully."—School and Home.

## True Test of a Boy's Character.

"I don't know that you will be able to do much with him," said a father to the principal of a school to whom he has brought his son as a pupil, "he is so full of mischief."

"Does he tell the truth?" asked the principal. "Can I always depend upon his word?"

"Oh, yes," said the father, "he is honest; he will tell the truth, even when it is against himself; you may depend upon that."

"Then we can manage him," said the principal; "he will make a manly man." And he did.—Exchange.

About the only crop of which the State of Nevada has a surplus is potatoes, which bring \$8 to \$10 a ton for shipment to the coast.

# NEW YORK.

## "Ted's" Experience With Cats and Dogs.

## COMING EVENTS IN GO-THAM.

## Alex. L. Pach now Business Manager of "Cuba's Vow" --Other News Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 236 East 59th Street, New York City.

A year and nine months ago I had some experience with cats.

The result was Cat No. 1, Cat No. 2, and Cat No. 3, died in quick succession, each throwing their right hind leg out frigid as they died.

I asked for a solution of the mystery. A gentleman in Williams-town, Mass., wrote suggesting it was a case of *lyc*—that is, he meant to say the cats fed on my can of *lyc*, but under his vest he meant to say it was a case of *lie*—in other words he accused me of some remote relationship to Ananias. I forgot his name, or I would give him the publicity his unjust accusation calls for. I think it was Whitehouse—perhaps it was Brickhouse. Later on I succeeded in raising cats, thereby unearthing the secret others could not solve for me.

This time I got a good she cat.

The next morning Pussy was alive. And so she lived on for six months, and wouldn't die if I had coaxed her to. But I didn't want her to live. The price of meat had advanced, so had soap and other things. Pussy made a bed of my overcoat, and during the dark recesses of the night played with my derby hat. It got to be so expensive I decided Pussy must go.

I put her out doors.

I had to let her in again. I took her two blocks away. She returned. Then I had a man take her for blocks in a zig-zag way.

I was rid of her at last. One, two, three days passed. On the morning of the fourth, Pussy was mewling at my door. I took her in and tried to feed her on machine oil, benzine and lye in turn, but Pussy was not hungry, nor thirsty. I finally decided Pussy desired my harborage, and let her alone thenceforward, although always hoping for an opportunity to rid myself of her.

Cats are all right in their way—but I don't want them. One even too much for me. I therefore insert the following in a last desperate effort that I may be rid of the cat and—read this advertisement:

WANTED.—To be rid of one gray maltese cat and six little kittens. Of no use to present owner. Address this office.

And about dogs.

My experience with a skye terrier covered a period of fifteen hours. Willie Abrams brought it to me Saturday night, and asked me to let it stay in my office over night.

I sized it up and opined it was a valuable dog. Its teeth showed the marks of four months—a very playful thing. Doggie slept in my office over night—at least I expected he would sleep. But when I entered the office next morning, Doggie had my Derby hat in his teeth, and judging from its condition he had played with it all night. I am wearing that hat no more.

The hat man around the corner thinks business is improving.

I think dogs are hard to be gotten rid of same as cats. I took that skye terrier to a boot black and paid him a nickel to hold it for five minutes. Later on I had him shut up in a Raines Law Hotel till I got two blocks away, and ten minutes later I paid an Italian peanut vendor a dime to chain him to his stand "till I return." At last, after taking him home under force of circumstances and giving him a good dinner. I got on a cable car. Doggie followed for blocks and blocks, but I am happy to say I never saw that dog again.

I have been trying to keep track of coming events, but it now appears that there is nothing to say about any excursion next summer, except that the Union League is trying to hire a good boat. Chairman Gass tells me they have not as yet hired any, but are keeping their eyes open, and even now whether they will have an excursion or not is problematical.

The Quad Club meets Saturday at their rooms on East 16th Street. This will be election night. No bonfires are to follow it. I have not the ghost of an idea who the new officers will be. One thing is certain, the slate prepared by the nominating committee will be almost entirely demolished, one good thing about this club seems to

be that the office seeks the man, and not the man the office. A full attendance is expected.

Leo. Gries, whose mother recently died, is said to have come into the possession of a house on Lee Avenue in Brooklyn valued at \$27,000.

A letter addressed to "Master Milton Goldfogle" informed him that he was highly commended as a beautiful baby by the *New York Journal*, and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Goldfogle are very much surprised as well as pleased.

Mr. Pach having been promoted, to business Manager of "Cuba's Vow" requests his friends enroute, who desire to have complimentary seats, to make application to him at the theatre during the day or after 6 P.M. When the house is filling up he hasn't time to be as sociable as he would like. He will be at the Columbia Theatre, Boston, the week of April 5th; Columbus Theatre, New York City week of April 19th; Grand Opera House, Washington, D. C. week April 26th, Providence and Baltimore week of May 3d, People's Theatre, New York City, week of May 10th.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was at St. Ann's Sunday, while Rev. Dr. Chamberlain was at the Pro-Cathedral on 110th Street and Amsterdam Avenue. At the latter place thirteen of the deaf were present.

St. Francis Xavier's was well filled Sunday, where Rev. Father Stadelman was expected to officiate, but he did not put in an appearance.

The Xavier Baseball Team's manager is still seeking good players for the summer months.

The little boy of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kohlmetz is convalescing from an attack of measles.

John H. Goor has been taking boxing lessons, and on April 30th, will spar with a colored boxer at Clarendon Hall.

Chris. Vernon's overcoat has been gradually growing smaller, or Chris. himself, has been growing bigger. The buttons finally came off, and Chris. secured the kind offices of a lady friend to send them on an inch nearer the edge. The young lady misunderstood him and sewed them on an inch further from their old place, and when Chris. attempted to button his overcoat Sunday, they flew off and this accounts for their absence.

I don't like to say a cross word about an "exchange," but I would like to know if the *Register* Association Directory addresses have been revised, as a letter sent out seven days ago, to one of the officers of a certain society has not been answered.

"We would be surprised if the next annual report of the treasury did not show at least \$2,500."—"*S. E.*"

And when the report fell over \$700 short of the mark you didn't say a word. Why?

TED.

## Hungry Pike.

The rapacity of the pike is well known. Fish, flesh and fowl seem alike acceptable to its palate, and it does not disdain mineral products, rings, spoons, plummetts, and other articles have been frequently taken from its maw. The best authenticated instance of attempted manslaughter by the pike is that recorded in "Fishing."

One of my sons, aged fifteen, went with three other boys to bathe in Inglemere Pond, near the Ascot race course. He walked into the water to about the depth of four feet when he spread out his hands to attempt to swim.

At that instant a large fish came up and took his whole hand into its mouth; but finding itself unable to swallow it, relinquished its hold, and the boy, turning round, prepared for a hasty retreat. His companions, who saw the fish, scrambled out of the pond as fast as possible.

My son had scarcely turned around before the fish came up behind him, and seizing his other hand crosswise, inflicted some very deep wounds on the back of it. The boy raised his free hand, which was still bleeding, and struck the great fish a hard blow on the head, when it disappeared. The other boys assisted my son to dress, bound up his hand with their handkerchiefs and brought him home.

We took him to the surgeon, who dressed seven wounds in one hand; and so great was the pain the next day that the lad fainted twice. The little finger was bitten through the nail, and it was more than six weeks before it was well. The nail came off, and the scar remains to this day.

## Deciding a Fine Point.

In the absence of the regular golf editor, the following question from a beginner was referred to the turf editor for an answer: "In a game of golf, is it right to fuzzle your put, or is it better to fettle on the tee?" The turf editor set his teeth firmly, stared hard at the wall in front of him a few moments, but wrote the following reply: "In case a player snaggles his iron it is permissible for him to fuzzle his put, but a better plan would be for him to drop his guppy into the pringle and snoodle it out with a niblick."—Chicago Tribune.

## HOW TWO GIRLS MADE MONEY.

"A country girl who is determined to go to Paris to study art is laying aside for this purpose each dollar she earns," writes Ruth Ashmore in an article on "The Girl in the Country," in the *Ladies' Home Journal*. "She found that there was no else in the village who could make as good bread and biscuit as she; that those who had to buy complained of the baker's bread. She made no effort at sending her bread to woman's exchange, as she knew that such places were always overstocked, but she went through her own town—a very small one—and asked for orders. She is making money because there has never been a sad loaf of bread or a heavy biscuit sent out from her kitchen. She will supply a neighbor with hot biscuit at tea time, and she has learned to make dainty rusk, especially for invalids, who enjoy these light, sweet dainties. Her prices are reasonable.

"Another girl, ambitious to gain something, got her father to let her have a bit of ground, and to give her money that he would otherwise have bestowed upon her a wedding dress. With this she was able to buy plants and to hire a boy to help her, and during the summer, while the boarding houses demanded them, she served the freshest of radishes, the crispest of lettuce, the earliest corn and the largest tomatoes, and she says now that she will double the size of her garden next summer."

## Good Motto.

More than one boy has made his way at the start by the exhibition of a bright mind and a sturdy purpose. There was the case, for instance, of a boy whom we will call Martin Flint.

Martin, thrown on his resources at the age of fourteen, went around a big city looking for work. Nobody seemed to have any for him, but the oftener he was rebuffed the more confident and high-spirited he seemed to become; there is nothing like a good big obstacle or bafflement to call out the healthy snap in some natures.

By and by Martin came to a merchant's door, which had simply the word "Push" on it; so he pushed the door and went in, his hat in his hand. An elderly man in spectacles sat at a desk.

"Well, boy, what do you want?" asked the merchant.

"Work, sir," said Martin.

"What kind of work?"

"Any kind of work, sir."

"Well," said the merchant, laughing, "you've got a large specialty. What's your motto?"

"Same as yours, sir," said Martin.

"Same as mine? How do you know what my motto is?"

"You've got it on your door—it's 'Push,' sir."

The merchant put him to work on the spot, and it was the beginning of a very successful business career.

## An Impostor Caught.

A beggar accosted a gentleman, and whined, "I'm paralyzed in both me 'ands, mister, an' I can't work, for I can't grasp anything with 'em. Could you spare me a trifle, mister?"

"I'm deaf," replied the gentleman; "you had better write down what you have to say. Here's a pencil and a piece of paper."

"Deaf, is 'e?" thought the beggar; "then he didn't hear the paralysis."

So he wrote down—

"I've got a wife and six children starving at 'ome, mister. I've been out o' work for six months, an' I am in a drefull state of destertushun."

He handed the paper to the gentleman, who read it, and said—

"I thought you said you were paralyzed in both hands and could not grasp anything, and yet you can write."

"Did—didn't yer say yer was deaf?" stammered the beggar, who now really did feel paralyzed.

"Yes, just to find out if you were an impostor, which you are, as I suspected," replied the gentleman.

"Well, of all the blossom' frauds, yer the biggest!" exclaimed the beggar; "the hidea' of yer sayin' yer was deaf an, t'ayin' to impose on a poor feller."

And he shuffled off, sniffing the air with righteous indignation.

## "CUBA'S VOW"

Grand road production of the big Star Theatre success, the thrilling story of the Cuban Revolution—

### CUBA'S VOW.

Direction.....George Kemington  
Press Representative.....Alex. L. Pach  
Hartford Opera House, Hartford, Ct.,  
Holyoke Opera House, Holyoke, Mass.,  
Columbia Theatre, Boston, Mass.,  
Bijou Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa.,  
Columbia Theatre, N. Y. City,  
Grand Opera House, Washington, D. C.,  
People's Theatre, N. Y. City,  
.....May 10th week

The deaf in the cities mentioned should not fail to see this grand play.  
On application to Mr. Pach, JOURNAL representatives will be given Press Court- esias.

## NOTICE.

A debate, in aid of the Gallaudet Home, will be held at 67 East 89th Street, on Tuesday evening, April 20th, 1897, at eight o'clock. The subject will be: "Should the Presidential Term of the United States be extended from four to eight years?"

Affirmative. Negative.  
MR. CAPPELL, MR. FRANKENHEIM,  
MR. ERARDT, MR. NUDELM,  
Admission, - - - 15 cents.

## STAR THEATRE

Broadway, near 14th Street  
Direction, - - - R. M. Gulick & Co.  
Hollis E. Cooley, Resident Manager.  
H. W. Winchell, Press Agent.

Our attractions always appeal to "those who hear with the eye."

Prices always 75, 50 and 25 cents.  
Matinees, 50 and 25 cents.

March 22d—Kate Claxton in "THE WORLD AGAINST HER"

March 29th—"KATE CLAXTON."

April 5th—Chas H. Hoyt's most humorous play "A TEXAS STEER."

April 12th—Carl A Haswin in his romantic production "A LION'S HEART."

April 19th—Chas. H. Hopper in "CHIMMIE FADDEN."

April 26th—Frank Harvey's greatest melodrama "THE LAND OF THE LIVING."

## The Bijou Circuit.

R. M. Gulick & Co., Managers.

Star Theatre.....New York.  
Columbia Theatre.....Boston.  
Bijou Theatre.....Brooklyn.  
National Theatre.....Philadelphia.  
Bijou Theatre.....Pittsburg.

## Theo. I. Lounsbury

### Book